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A DAY AND ITS DREAMS

by
James P. Whedon



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"Bon Voyage"

"Bon Voyage! - God bless
You, -

Safe return;
These wishes go to thee
In loving thought,
As sails the ship,
Across the bay,
Across the sea.

Very Affectionately
Sept. 10/92
Wm. England. R. Drake



A DAY AND ITS DREAMS



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BY

JAMES P. WHEDON



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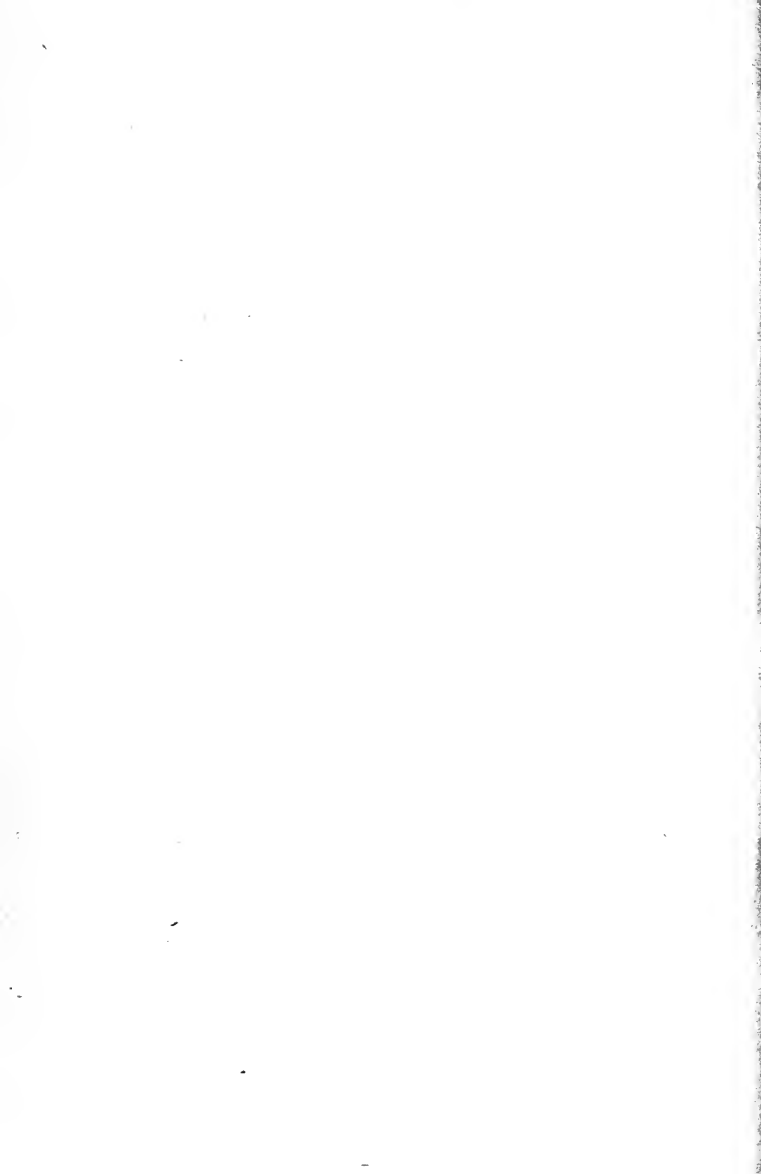
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TO some one, somewhere, who has always understood and always will understand the unspoken language of the soul, who loves all the beautiful things of earth, yet delights to revel in the "land o' dreams," I dedicate myself and this little book of verse.

J. P. W.

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A Day and Its Dreams

A dream and a day,
A day and its dreams;
A dream and a day,
And all of it seems
The birth of a soul
In shadow of death;
A day and its dreams,
The whiff of a breath.

Hope

Mysterious comforter of life;
Alluring star, whose golden beams
Lead souls of men to castles
Fair in land of dreams.
It makes the heart of age rejoice,
It bids the heart of youth be brave,
And with sweet music of expectancy,
It charms us onward to the grave.

Love in a Cottage

I live in a lowland cottage,
On the hill is a castle fair,
But the roses bloom in my garden
As sweet as they do up there;
I love my Love so dearly,
I wonder if love up there
Is sweet as mine in the lowland,
With never a thought of care.

Truth

Unchanging consequence of right
Through time unchanged,
Thou art man's deathless soul;
Aye, God explained.

Dream Song

Oh, song in a poet's dream,
Sweet dream in a poet's song,
Song hath its birth in dreams,
And dreams find life in song.

Just Because

Just a ripple sweet of laughter,
Just a gentle little sigh,
Just a winning smile so tender,
Just a twinkle in her eye.

Why should laughter be so joyous?
Why should sighs bring peace to
me?

Why should smiles be golden sun-
beams?

Why should eyes enrapture me?

Just because I love her dearly,
Just because she loveth me,
Just because *I love to love her*
And she's all the world to me.

My Boyhood Days

Would I could live anew
My boyhood days,
Their joyous ways
'Neath sky of cloudless blue ;
'T was easy then to be content,
To run with feet all bare,
And clothes all rent,
With ne'er a thought of care,
By stream, through wood,
O'er meadow, field and fallow.
Oh, would I could
Return as doth the swallow
In the spring,
And sing,
And dance with joy
To be again a boy.

A Voiceless Song

Where art thou, spirit
Of the song I'd sing?
Wherefore no voice within
Thy temple walls? I bring
Thee incense sweet of myrrh
And rose, with birth of spring,
Yet vain to-day is all
My worshiping.

Faith that Waiteth

Oh, star that fadeth
 In a cloud of gloom ;
Oh, love that kneeleth
 At a silent tomb ;
Oh, night that dieth
 In the arms of day ;
Oh, faith that waiteth
 An adjustment day.

Were She Other Than She Is

She is not fair,— that is, not fair as
lily-bloom,
But still so fair is she I love,
That were she other than she is,
Methinks the angels from yon far
above
Would take her from me to their hid-
ing-place,
And I, poor soul, in sadness sit
alone,
With but a memory of her winning
grace.

May

A sheaf of happy hours
I count mine own to-day;—
Sweet spring-time flowers
And birds who left me
Lone in winter drear,
Returning, bring me cheer:—
And so to thee, dear May,
And bird and flow'ring tree,
I sing a roundelay,
This spring-tide jubilee
Of happy hours,
Of May-born flowers!

June

A straying zephyr
And a waveless sea;
A skylark singing,
And a honey-bee
Home going happily.

A lover wooing,
And a radiant moon,
A maiden list'ning;
And the world in tune
To love: Ah, glorious June!

Love's Song

The melody of birds
At early morn,
When in the East
The sun is born,
Is sweet.

But oh, the rhapsody
Of love's sweet song;
Its rhythmic tone
The whole day long
Is peace.

Extremes

To one the sun looks bright,
E'en through a cloud;
To one all days seem night,
The sun a shroud.

Why changeth thus life's view
Through different eyes,
One seeing earth a hell
The other paradise!

Love You!

Love you! aye, beyond
Words sweetly told
By princes, kings,
And queens of old.

Love you! aye, beyond
All loves of old, of new;
I'd die for you, sweetheart,
Yet long to live for you.

The Old Love and the New

A withered flower,
That's all;
And yet the hour
It lived doth call
Again to me
A memory!

A new-born flower
Now all;
Ah, will its hour
Die too and call
Again to me
A memory?

Alone!

What sorrow in that word!
Ah, had it but occurred
To me ere 't was too late,
How I would supplicate
Thy staying: no plea untold,
No prayer unsaid, if I might fold
Thee close as yesternight,
And kiss thee now a sweet "good
night:"—

Alone!

What sorrow in that word
Alone!

Would You? Would I?

To touch her dainty hand,
And never even try
To hold it close awhile;
Would you? Would I?

To gaze into her eyes,
And never even try
To read love's story there;
Would you? Would I?

To see her lips so sweet,
And never even try
To kiss them quick, or die;
Would you? Would I?

Would I Might Waken Thee!

Where goest thou, oh soul,
That say'st good-by,
And leavest me alone
'Neath cheerless sky
Of death-world mystery?

Where shall I seek thee,
Soul from mine astray?
To which star-home afar
Shall I wend way
In search of thee?

Oh, soul asleep; would fate
Might loan its chart
And compass of eternity,
To guide me where thou art,
That I might waken thee.

Happiness

'Neath radiant skies
Love wedded hope
In joyous days
Of June.

Oh, rapture sweet
To be hope's bride
When rosebuds wake
In bloom.

Sorrow

Love buried hope
'Neath drifts of
Snow, in drear
December.

But oh, love's woe,
To live alone,
Alone, and still
Remember.

To the Queen of Sirens

Did God make thee so fair,
More fair than others are,
For *this*—

That I should dream one day
On earth, and lose the way
To heaven, for just one kiss?

My Love, My Stars

The day hath golden sunshine
For its love, the night hath stars ;
Yet days there be when sun
Is hid by cloud-drift bars,
And night doth often sigh,
Where art thou, Love, my stars,
My Love, my stars?

Sad Memories

Oh, children, children
Of my troubled soul,
That I have put to bed
And lulled to sleep,
Why will ye waken
And creep back within
Mine arms, and weep?

Not worthy You

I gather in my mind
Sweetest thoughts that I can find,
My dear, for you,
But there cometh ne'er a time
I can twine them into rhyme
That's worthy you!

Reverie

Oh, dying sun, oh, southern wind
 Ablow o'er slumbering seas ;
Oh, perfume-laden air
 From roses loved of bees ;
Oh, evening star, this silent hour
 Lead thou me on the way
To gentle sleep, and dreams
 Of love, and love's own holiday.

A Child of Hope

I hold within mine arms

A child of hope, its lips so sweet

I kiss again and o'er again,

With ne'er a dream of its deceit,

With ne'er a thought that like a dream

At dawn 'twill take its flight,

Leaving the echo of a lullaby,

The memory of a star-lit night.

Somewhere

It waiteth me
Somewhere,
Somewhere:
Perchance it be
In desert drear,
On mountain height,
'Mid valley low.
Afar or near,
I do not know;
I simply pray,
Each night,
Each day,
Oh, Thou who rulest all,
Who guidest all,
Lead me unto the
Soul that loveth me,
That waiteth me,
Somewhere,
Somewhere.

To "Bob"

Just a common dog are you ;
They call you brute, they do ;
But I tell you men are few
Who are kind to me as you.

As I look into your face,
I seem to catch a trace
Of a higher life-born race
Which somehow fell from grace.

But I love you ; yes, I do ;
You 're a friend that 's ever true ;
And I tell you men are few
Who are kind to me as you.

Were It Not Better?

If on the morrow our good-by
In sadness should be bound,
Were it not better this fair day
For us had ne'er been found?

If on the morrow tears should fall
Love sorrowing at life's feet,
Were it not better at this hour
To cry — *Oh, love, retreat?*

God's Temple

Within the realm of Mind
God builds his temple fair,
And those who enter in
Find peace and solace there.

Truth at its portal stands,
Good is the altar there,
Harmony the only song,
Love the eternal prayer.

Fulp

Clear twilight skies,
Far clouds afloat,
And many a note
From song-bird's throat;
While'st moon, alight
With glint of gold,
Lists tales of love
Retold, retold.

Devotion

To thee, above, beyond
All other souls

I dedicate my heart,
And there's no part
Of Life's existence

Fate hath willed to me
That I in selfishness
Would keep from thee.

To a Picture

Bright eyes that meet mine own,
Yet see me not;
Oh, silent lips whose words
I've ne'er forgot;
Fair dainty hands of white
I would were mine;
Oh, pictured dream to me
Almost divine.

A Thought Untold

Oh, thought that dieth
Ere it groweth old,
Oh, dreamer's dream,
Oh, thought untold,
Thou'lt live again in
Generations new;
Then men will kneel
To worship you.

Entreaty

Soul of my love's own soul,
Hope of a day unseen,
Thou art of my life's self
A Queen, my Queen.

Soul of thine own love's soul,
Dream of awak'ning spring,
Let me of thine own self
Be King, thy King.

Content

Content, thou mother of all
Happy hours, praise be to thee!
Queen spirit of life's best estate,
Oh, comfort me.

Content, thou mother of all
Good to men, praise be to thee!
Earth hath no restful place,
Except with thee.

Love's Deepest Depths

Love's little likings thrill
One as a honey-bee
Sweet whisp'ring to a rose,
"I love but thee;"
Whilst yearning souls alive
With love intensified,
In silence wait and sigh;
Oh, God, why must we die
Unsatisfied!

Discontent

Years have been mine to know
Life's way; its crossings show
Men's footsteps on the trail
Of time, and yet I fail
To find one place where I
Can say, 'tis here I dare
To wait and pitch my tent:—
Oh, night of discontent,
Would I might see one star
Anear and never know, 'tis far!

Storm to Calm

Wild winds of western wilds
A-war 'neath cloud-rib'd skies
Of yestere'en,
How calm thy sullen sound
At dawn, as eastward dies
The hours between.

The King's Lament

No day was dark, and night
Did daytime seem

When thou wert here :

Now all my soul is drear,
For thou art gone, my Queen,
And day is night, and night
Is one long year.

Life

MORNING

A listless sea!
And children on its shore
At play with shells and sand
Hear song of waves.

NOON

A restless sea!
And men upon its shore
In tears see ships out-stand
O'er mad'ning waves.

NIGHT

A surging sea!
And sea-gulls near its shore
View wrecks strewn 'long the land,
And new-made graves.

When Dreams Come True

From memory-land there comes to-
day

A love-born thought that went astray
In ages gone, when you and I
Were lovers 'neath another sky,
In other spheres, where dreams came
true,

And every hour was heaven with you.

But oh, sweetheart, again thou'rt near,
Far flown is every whisp'ring fear,
Joy ends time's war of sorrowing
strife.

I hear anew love's song of life,
Again in rapture, dreams come true,
For heaven once more is mine, with you.

Sleep

In silence buildest thou a tomb for
care
Which burd'neth me on every hand ;
Life's gentle nurse art thou, yet lur-
ing me
So near to death, I fail to understand !

A Dream

Thou dost untwine the tangled skein
Of thoughts my mind enfolds,
A lullaby sleep singeth me,
And paradise my soul beholds.

The Death of a Rose

On a maiden's breast
A rose-bud lies ;
Its eyes meet hers ;
In tears it sighs ;
Oh, cruel death,
That thou shouldst come
The very hour
Her heart I won.

Unanswered

No word across the wide expanse of
space

Comes to my heart asleep in loneliness;

The day is weary of time's ling'ring
pace,

My soul is lost in strange forget-
fulness.

Sorrow Untold

Wee fairy lily-bell,
Cradle for bees,
O'er-rocking a grave
'Neath moss-covered trees ;
Little thou knowest
The sorrow untold
My heart doth contain
As thy life I behold.

When Thou Art Near

Weird, haunting spirits of unrest
Steal serpent-like into my breast
When thou'rt not near.

Calm is my soul as summer sea,
Life's one sweet song of harmony,
When thou art near.

Unrest

Oh, gladsome yesterday, so kind to
me,

E'en yet I see
The smile upon thy face;
Ah, if I could retrace
The steps which led me far away
Within life's wilderness astray,
I'd fly to thee.

Oh, wearisome to-day, unkind to me,
I'd sentence thee
To lasting banishment,
E'en death as punishment
For all thy treachery,
If I might thus be free
And rid of thee.

Oh, morrow, wake; come speedily;
 Oh, come to me!
 As doth a convict wait
 Behind a prison gate,
Wait I impatiently
Life's grander liberty
 With thee, with thee.

“Will-o’-the-Wisp”

A little maiden’s
Eyes so bright,
Unto my heart
Brought new delight.

A little maiden’s
Charming ways,
Led hope a chase
For many days.

The little maiden
Ran away,
But hope pursues her
Every day.

To a Rose

Rose, red rose, new born
Of life's rich red'ning blood,
Why liv'st thou not a day
Beyond the flowing flood
Of this fair day in which
Thou art supreme?

Rose, red rose, new born
Of life's sweet morning dew,
Live thou love's morrow-day
With me, then through
An endless sleep
With thee I'll dream.

New Year Greeting

May God's rich gift—content —
Abide with you,
Each hour of every day,
The whole year through.

“Bon Voyage”

“Bon Voyage,”—God bless you,—
Safe return;
These wishes go to thee
In loving thought, as sails the ship,
Across the bay, across the sea.

Love's Mystery

Bright is the day and fair,
And sweet life's roundelay,
Hope is one blissful dream,
For Love is Queen to-day,
 Is Queen to-day.
Oh, drear the day and cold,
Whilst Love of yesterday
Lies dead within my heart
And Hope hath fled away,—
 Hath fled away.

Duo

Two voices blend in melody a song
So sweet heaven seemeth near;
One singer's eyes are filled with smiles
Whilst in the other's dwells a tear.

Thus in life's wondrous song
(That endless caroling of years),
Who knows when smiles are sorrow-
born,
Who knows when joy finds birth in
tears?

Love's Way

To live one's day,
And find the hours
In which to cull
Love's sweetest flowers,
Is life.

To live one's day,
And never find
One flower, or know
Love's heart is kind,
Is death.

To a Bride

May happy hours
And sweetest flowers
Be strewn along
Life's way for thee,
Unceasingly.

And may the light
Of love burn bright,
As God's own stars,
Which shine for thee,
Unchangingly.

Too Soon!

The song of a bird
At eve to its mate;
The kisses of youth
At the wicker gate;
The life of a rose,
A lullaby tune;
Ah, the end of it all
Cometh too soon.

Only a Rose

Only a rose upon whose
 Bosom gently lies
The mirror'd loveliness
 Of thine enchanting eyes.

Only a rose, yet dies
 In blissful ecstasy,
Singing love's sweetest song,
 Dear heart, to you, to me.

World of fate

Oh, world of fate
 Within a fateful world;
Day crowns a king,
 Yet night hath hurled
His throne of hope
 In fragments down,
Ere day anew
 Another king doth crown!

Enchantment

Through silent paths of night
Thy spirit comes to me,
Luring my soul to sleep
In dreams of ecstasy,
Dreams of enchanted days,
When love and harmony,
Shall hold us in their arms
Throughout eternity!

To Inspiration

I've sought thee everywhere,
In cranny nooks,
By winding brooks,
Through stormy days and fair;
'Mid snow, 'mid flowers,
For countless hours
I've searched in vain for thee.
Oh, dream-born sprite,
Thou elfin mite,
I pray thee, *Come to me!*

Winter Winds

Oh, winter winds,
Thou'rt kindlier than I thought,
When summer sun and flower
Oft to mine eyelids brought
A tear in dread of thee.

Oh, winter winds
And snow, thy chilling cold
E'en cheers my soul as in
A dream mine eyes behold
A summer sky and sea.

Why?

Rose o' the budding time,
Rose in the bloom,
Rose o' the fading time,
Why die so soon?

Love o' the loving hours,
Love in its prime,
Tears and a broken heart,
Why art thou mine?

Love's Perfect Way

Love's perfect way is made
Of hallow'd things,—
From tender kindliness,
And joy that sings
Responsive songs in hearts
Attune to love,
Whilst life learns Love's intent,
From God above!

My Dearie Dear

My dearie dear, to thee
The birds are singing sweet ;
Would I their songs could sing
Thine ears to greet.

My dearie dear, for thee
The sweetest roses grow ;
Would I a rose might be
To love thee so.

My dearie dear, for thee
Love hath its castle fair ;
Would I and song and rose
With thee were there!

Supplication

I do implore thee, give me *now* the
flowers

Which some day thou wouldst lay
upon my breast.

Oh, give them now whilst I am here
with thee,

Not when in death my weary hands
find rest.

I pray thee give me *now* thy faith
and trust.

My longing soul craves words of
praise from thee,

And if thou hast but one sweet word
of love

To give, I beg thee, give it *now* to
me!

Violets

Sweetheart, from meadow-land,
Kissed by the dew,
These little violets
Came forth for you,
Breathing sweet fragrance,
Gently to say,
My heart is thine, love,
Now and alway.

A Birthday Greeting

May ever the days be gladsome
Always the skies be blue,
Love be a faithful companion,
Friends be many and true,
Flowers in abundance thy portion,
Never the briars nor rue,
Harvests of peace and contentment,
These are my wishes for you.

Indifference

To see a ship sail out,
And shed no tear
As waves run high
And seamen fear.

To see a ship astrand,
And never sigh
As waves roll in
And seamen die.

Time's Trio

Yesterday: to-day:
To-morrow!
Trio of Time's way.
If sorrow
Came with yesterday,
Then borrow
None for present day;
Let morrow
Slay in its own way
All sorrow!

Remember?

Aye, each happy hour
Of all the days,
Love led us through
Its charmed ways,
Whilst you to me,
And I to you,
Were all the world;
And well I knew
Heav'n must be near,
For in your eyes
My soul didst find
A paradise.

You!

Others come and onward go,
Like fleeting clouds 'neath skies
of blue,

But ne'er a one appeals to me,
For ne'er a one is just like you.

I mingle with life's rushing throng,
In vain endeavor to forget,
But all the while I yearn for you,
The "*you*" I love and can't forget.

'Tis you my longing soul doth crave,
For you impatiently I wait,
Just you,—my own, come, come to
me,
For I am lonely, desolate.

Sweethearts!

A Lily of white
And a Rose of red
Grew in the yard
Of the old homestead;
I list'ned the Rose
As he sang his song
To the Lily fair
The whole day long—
Sweetheart, sweetheart,
Love me true,
My heart's love
Is all for you.

The bees kissed the Lily
Softly sweet,
The butterflies danced
Around her feet;

But her heart she gave
To the Rose of red,
As she kissed his lips
And whisp'ring said:
Sweetheart, dearest,
I love thee,
Dearest, sweetheart,
Only thee.

Summerland

Sweet Summerland,
Bright sunshine-land,
Where fairies play
The livelong day,
I wish for thee.
Gay Summerland
I wish for thee.

Winterland

Oh, Winterland,
Drear Winterland,
Of Snowdrifts white
And Wind, and Night,
I wish not thee
Cold Winterland,
I wish not thee.

Processional

In bright sun-border'd days
Of love's believing,
O'er hope's far-reaching plain
Runs youth.

Recessional

Through night-crowned yesterdays
Of love's deceiving,
What star to age brings light
Of truth?

Mother

No voice so sacred to my ear,
No love to me is half so dear
As Mother's.

No other friend could be
A friend in great adversity—
Like mother.

In sorrow's hour, deserted, love,
She gently says, My child, come home
To Mother.

No chiding for my erring ways,
Only a tear, as for me prays,
My Mother

Oh, hands of mine, with gladness lay
The flowers of peace along life's way
For Mother.

1896.

"Good-bye"

Love's plaintive sigh,
Good-bye,
A chant of fears,
A flood of tears,
The scourge of years,
Love's plaintive sigh,
Good-bye,
Good-bye.

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